



# We Tried



distopia

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## Chapter 1 by Dove Moon

We tried so hard to make a world that everyone could live in, free of judgment, free of pain and suffering, free of neglect and abuse; and for a while, we succeeded, but of course, someone had to revolt against our perfect society. And now we're here. Fighting to the death just for a scrap of food. Just because one person was unhappy with the fact that everything was perfect.

I ran, weaving between the debris of what used to be 'helper robots' the robots whose entire lives were dedicated to helping humans in any way possible. With a gun in my hand, I was prepared for anything; be it rogues who wanted my supplies, deranged beasts that had mutated due to the nuclear war, or just people who had gone criminally insane due to the constant fight for survival.

I screeched to a stop when a rock was thrown at my head, I looked at the direction that the projectile had come from to find myself face-to-face with a man wearing nothing more than a leotard and war paint, looking like he was itching for a fight; and I was happy to give him one.

## Chapter 2 by LiamLeblanc13



The man inched closer. He was ready to strike. Obviously he didn't realize I had a gun in my hand.

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Suddenly, the gun was torn from my hand. I looked up to see another man, identical to the other, pointing my gun at me.

Before he could even react, in one swift motion, I delivered a fatal blow to his solar plexus. He doubled up and fell to the ground. The gun had fallen out of his hand, so I caught it.

I quickly spun around and pointed my gun at the other man. He raised his hands in surrender.

Then he smiled. Huh? I was holding him at gunpoint! What was he doing?

Suddenly, at least 50 other men, all looking identical to the other man, ran out from hiding their hiding spots. Some had wooden boards, some had stones, and some even had old guns.

I lowered my weapon and put my hands up in surrender.

Things were NOT looking good.

### Chapter 3 by Dove Moon



I looked around the men to the building behind them. There was a fire escape on the side of the building and if I could just get over there I could get onto the roof of that building and possibly away from these clones.

Since scientists no longer had to worry about money in the new world we had tried to make, they had found a way to make clones of already living humans and rapidly age them so that they were the same age as their original doner. However, due to this rapid aging, they had the mental capacity of a small child. And I intended to use it to my advantage.

I ran through the large group of clones, screeching. I grabbed a rusted pole from off the ground and started swinging it around at the clones, successfully scaring them off. Only a few were left including the original. I used the low numbers to my advantage; running as fast as I could and quickly jumped onto the fire escape, climbing up as fast as I could and jumped onto the roof, dodging the bullets from my own gun. The second I got on the roof, I ducked down below the slight wall that was meant to keep you from falling off, and grabbed my back-up pistol from my belt.

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I looked on my surrounding, there were trash, rocks and ruins. But then, something caught my eye. Someone died across the roof, with a weapon! if I could run over there and grab the weapon and run to cover, I could defeat this guy.

But i have used my time too long, one of them grabbed my foot, i stabbed his hand using the rusty pole to make him stuck and suffer. I ran to the dead guy across the roof and grabbed his weapon. The weapon is ugly, it was meant to be a taser that the 'helper robots' used against bad guys.

But I didn't have a choice, i tased the nearest guy i could find. I ran to the next cover. i had no choice, no more cover to run, no one that cares, no one i cared, but I couldn't give up. I jumped.

Lucky me I find myself alive, but i felt something different, something not right. I don't fell any bones broken, but I was bleeding, I checked my foot and i was suprised. "Metal?" What am I? Who am I? Where am I? I had so many questions.

But I ran, ran back to my small group of friends. They were suprised, seeing that i jumped from a 10 floor building an I was alive, but i decided that i was "Special" Like no other human. Sarah was the shocked the most, She know what is going on, She knew who am i.

I didn't believe Her, She was crazy from the start, how could I believe Her? She didn't have proof, so we ignored Her. My friend bandaged and took pretty good care on my leg. I felt a lot better.

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